

Josh

A cold wind gathered in the mountains. It traveled across the plains, bringing with it an energy that was felt by all it touched. The energy was almost tangible but remained just beyond description by all but a few. To those few, what the wind carried was a single, chilling word. That word was "War".

Amy Bender was one of the few that felt that energy and the fear it carried. She knew war. She knew violence and death. She had tried to forget, tried to move on. But her life had ended and begun anew amid the blood stained fields of the Great Fraggles War.

The fraggles, an ancient underground race of humanoids, had lived peacefully underground for millennia - long before humans ruled the land above. As humans spread across the land, the fraggles remained underground. When the humans began digging for metals, they killed any fraggle they encountered. The fraggles began to fight back. Skirmishes became battles. Before long, war spilled out of the subterranea and onto the surface world. Fraggles had no love for war, but they soon found a taste for human blood. In the end, a great price was paid to end the conflict. The few surviving fraggles retreated deep within the earth and the surviving humans again asserted their control over the surface world.

The Great Fraggles War had no winners. When the price was paid and the war ended there were no parades. There was no celebration - there was nothing to celebrate. There were no victors - only survivors.

Amy had but one friend - Jenny Lynch. Amy had known Jenny since the day they fought through a biting, flailing horde of fraggles. They had killed their share of fraggles - and had seen their share of friends fall. When the war ended they had moved from town to town, helping to rebuild and trying to forget. They eventually settled here in Red Ridge, a small community that had been largely untouched by the conflict. Red Ridge was peaceful and serene - the perfect place to rebuild a life.

That all changed the day they were approached by Matt Jensen and Dan Robles. Matt was the local blacksmith and Dan was his apprentice. They had crafted weapons for the war but had never seen combat themselves. Dan was also rumored to be studying the dark energies that had appeared alongside the fraggles. "Amy! Jenny! Come take a look at his!" Matt yelled as he flagged them down. Beside him was Dan, who was gently carrying something small in his hands. As they approached, they saw what appeared to be a small body and froze where they stood. "That...that can't be one, can it?" Jenny asked. She looked to Amy, whose face had gone pale. Amy had instantly recognized what that body was. She was one of the few who had ever seen one and lived.

"We found this out by the pond. Any idea what it is?" Matt asked. The body Dan held was a tiny humanoid with pale green skin. It wore what looked like leather clothes and had what looked to be small tools on a belt. Jenny looked to Amy, hoping against hope it wasn't what she thought it was. Amy slowly approached and confirmed Jenny's fear. "Doozer." she whispered. Matt and Dan nervously chuckled. "You're joking, right?" Matt asked. "Those are just rumors." But Amy knew better. She had seen them herself, in the depths of a cave early in the war. Doozers were mysterious, their role in the underground unknown. But one thing was known - where there were doozers, there were always fraggles. Always.